

The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

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R. S. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH At this Office.

Biographical Sketch.

From Sarasin's Magazine, for August. ANDREW JACKSON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY. (Continued.)

This state of things, of course, could not last long. The soldiers believed themselves neglected by the State for whose safety they were fighting; else why this protracted refusal to send them provisions? The impatient discontent was fed and aggravated by several of the officers, who were getting tired of the campaign and wished to return home, till at last it broke out into open revolt. The militia regiments, en masse, had resolved to leave. Jackson received the communication with grief and indignation. He felt for his poor, half-starved men, but all his passionate nature was roused at this deliberate defiance of his authority. The militia, however, did not regard his expostulations or threats, and they fixed on a morning to commence their march. But as they drew out to take their departure, they found, to their astonishment, the volunteers paraded across their path, with Jackson at their head. He ordered them to return to their position, or they should answer for their disobedience with their lives. They obeyed; but the volunteers, indignant that they had been made the instrument of quelling the revolt, and anxious as the others were to get away, resolved next morning to depart themselves. To their surprise, however, they saw the militia drawn up in the same position they had occupied the day before, to arrest the first forward movement that was made. This was a dangerous game to play with armed men, and would not bear a second trial.

The cavalry, on the ground that the country yielded no forage for their horses, were permitted to retire to the neighborhood of Huntsville, where they promised to wait the orders of their commander.

In the mean time, Jackson hearing that provisions were on the way, made an effort to allay the excited, angry feelings that existed in the army, and so, on the 14th of November, invited all the field and platoon officers, to his quarters, and after informing them that abundant supplies were close at hand, he addressed them in a kind and sympathizing manner, and told them how deeply he felt for their sufferings, and conciliated by promising, if provisions did not arrive within two days, to lead them back himself to Tennessee. But this kind and conciliatory speech produced no effect on a portion of the army, and the first regiment of volunteers insisted on abandoning the fort. Permission to leave was granted, and Jackson, with chagrin and anguish, saw the men whom he refused to abandon at Natchez, forsake him in the heart of the forest, surrounded by hostile savages.

The two days expiring without the arrival of provisions, he was compelled to fulfill his promise to the army, and preparations were made for departure. In the midst of the breaking up of the camp, he sat down and wrote a letter to Colonel Pope, the contractor, which exhibits how deeply he felt, not merely this abandon-

ment of him, but the failure of the expedition. He says in conclusion:

"I cannot express the torture of my feelings, when I reflect that a campaign so auspiciously begun, and which might be so soon and so gloriously terminated, is likely to be rendered abortive, for the want of supplies. For God's sake prevent so great an evil."

As the baggage-wagons were loaded up, and the men fell into marching order, the palpable evidence of the failure of the project on which he had so deeply set his heart, and the disgrace that awaited his army, became so painful, that he could not endure the sight, and exclaimed in mingled grief and shame:

"If only two men will remain with me, I will never abandon the post." "You have one, General!" exclaimed Captain Gordon, of the spies, who stood beside him.

The gallant Captain immediately began to beat up for volunteers, and it was not long before a hundred and nine brave fellows surrounded their General, swearing to stand by him to the last.

The latter then put himself at the head of the militia, telling them he should order them back, if they met provisions near by. They had gone but ten or twelve miles, when they met a hundred and fifty beavers on their way to the fort. The men fell to, and in a short time were gorging themselves with half-froasted meat.

Invigorated by their gluttonous repast, most of them consented to return. One company, however, quietly resumed its journey homeward. When Jackson was informed of it, he sprung into his saddle, and galloping a quarter of a mile ahead, where General Coffee with his staff and a few soldiers had halted, ordered them to form across the road, and fire on the first man that attempted to pass. As the mutineers came up and saw that living barrier before them, and in front of it the stern and decided face of their commander, they wheeled about, and retraced their steps. Jackson then dismounted and began to mix among the men, to allay their excitement, and conciliate their feelings. While he was thus endeavouring to reduce to cheerful obedience, this refractory company, he was told, to his utter amazement, that the other portion of the army had changed their mind, and the whole brigade was drawn up in column, and on the point of marching homeward. He immediately walked up in front of the column, snatched a musket from the hands of a soldier, and resting it across the neck of his horse, swore he would shoot the first man who attempted to move. The soldiers stood and looked in sullen silence at that resolute face, undecided whether to advance or not, when General Coffee and his staff galloped up. These, together with the faithful companies, Jackson ordered to form behind him, and fire when he did. Not a word was uttered for some time, as the two parties thus stood face to face, and gazed on each other. At length a murmur ran along the column,—rebellion was crushed, and the mutineers consented to return. Discontent, however, prevailed, and the volunteers looked anxiously forward to the 10th of December, the time when they supposed their term of enlistment expired.

They had originally enlisted for twelve months, and counting in the time they had remained disbanded, after their return from Natchez, the year would be completed on that date. But Jackson refused to allow the time they were not in actual service. Letters passed between the officers and himself, and every effort was made on his part, to allay the excitement, and convince the troops of the justice of his demands. He appealed to their patriotism, their courage, and honour, and patriotically told them if the General Government gave permission for their discharge, he would discharge them, otherwise they should walk over his dead body, before they stirred a foot, until the twelve months' actual service was accomplished. Anticipating trouble, he wrote home for reinforcements, and sent off officers for recruits.

In the mean time, the 10th of December drew near, and every heart was filled with anxiety for the result. A portion of the army was resolved to take their discharge, whether granted or not. It was not a sudden impulse, created by want and suffering, but a well-considered and settled determination, grounded on what they considered their rights. The thing had been long discussed, and many of the officers had given their decided opinion that the time of the men actually expired on the 10th. Jackson knew that his troops were brave, and when backed by the consciousness of right, would be resolute and firm. But he had made up his mind to prevent mutiny, though he was compelled to sacrifice a whole regiment in doing it.

At length, on the evening of the 9th, General Hall entered the tent of Jackson, and informed him that his whole brigade was in a state of revolt. The latter immediately issued an order stating the fact, and calling on all the officers to aid in quelling it. He then directed the two guns he had with him, to be placed, one in front and the other in the rear, and the militia on the rising ground in advance, to check any movement in that direction, and waited the result. The brigade assembled, and were soon in marching order. Jackson then rode slowly along the line, and addressed the soldiers. He reminded them of their former good conduct, spoke of the love and esteem he had always bore them, of the reinforcements on the way, saying, also, that he expected every day, the decision of the government, on the question of their discharge, and wound up by telling them emphatically, that he had done with entreaty,—they should not, and if they persisted, he would

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Alarmed, they began to whisper to one another, "Let us go back!" The contagion of fear spread, and soon the officers advanced, and promised, on behalf of the men, that they would return to their quarters.

As if to try this resolute man to the utmost, and drive him to despair, no sooner was one evil averted than another overtook him. He had, by his boldness, quelled the mutiny; but he now began again to feel the horrors of famine. Supplies did not arrive; or in such scanty proportion, that he was compelled, at last, to discharge the troops, and notwithstanding all the distressing scenes through which he had passed to retain them, see them take up their line of march for home, leaving him, with only a hundred devoted followers, shut up in the forest. Here he remained till the middle of January, when he was gladdened by the arrival of eight hundred recruits. Not deeming these, however, sufficient to penetrate into the heart of the Creek country, he resolved to make a diversion in favor of Gen. Floyd, who was advancing from the east. Hearing that a large number of Indians were encamped on the Emuckfaw Creek, where it empties into the Tallapoosa River, he marched thither, and on the evening of the 21st of January, arrived within a short distance of their encampment. The Indians were aware of his approach, and resolved to anticipate his attack. To prevent a surprise, however, Jackson had ordered a circle of watch-fires to be built around his little band. The men stood to their arms all night; and just before daylight, a short, wild, unearthly yell, which always precedes an attack, went up from the forest, and the whole brigade was drawn up in column, and on the point of marching homeward. He immediately walked up in front of the column, snatched a musket from the hands of a soldier, and resting it across the neck of his horse, swore he would shoot the first man who attempted to move. The soldiers stood and looked in sullen silence at that resolute face, undecided whether to advance or not, when General Coffee and his staff galloped up. These, together with the faithful companies, Jackson ordered to form behind him, and fire when he did. Not a word was uttered for some time, as the two parties thus stood face to face, and gazed on each other. At length a murmur ran along the column,—rebellion was crushed, and the mutineers consented to return. Discontent, however, prevailed, and the volunteers looked anxiously forward to the 10th of December, the time when they supposed their term of enlistment expired.

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As if to try this resolute man to the utmost, and drive him to despair, no sooner was one evil averted than another overtook him. He had, by his boldness, quelled the mutiny; but he now began again to feel the horrors of famine. Supplies did not arrive; or in such scanty proportion, that he was compelled, at last, to discharge the troops, and notwithstanding all the distressing scenes through which he had passed to retain them, see them take up their line of march for home, leaving him, with only a hundred devoted followers, shut up in the forest. Here he remained till the middle of January, when he was gladdened by the arrival of eight hundred recruits. Not deeming these, however, sufficient to penetrate into the heart of the Creek country, he resolved to make a diversion in favor of Gen. Floyd, who was advancing from the east. Hearing that a large number of Indians were encamped on the Emuckfaw Creek, where it empties into the Tallapoosa River, he marched thither, and on the evening of the 21st of January, arrived within a short distance of their encampment. The Indians were aware of his approach, and resolved to anticipate his attack. To prevent a surprise, however, Jackson had ordered a circle of watch-fires to be built around his little band. The men stood to their arms all night; and just before daylight, a short, wild, unearthly yell, which always precedes an attack, went up from the forest, and the whole brigade was drawn up in column, and on the point of marching homeward. He immediately walked up in front of the column, snatched a musket from the hands of a soldier, and resting it across the neck of his horse, swore he would shoot the first man who attempted to move. The soldiers stood and looked in sullen silence at that resolute face, undecided whether to advance or not, when General Coffee and his staff galloped up. These, together with the faithful companies, Jackson ordered to form behind him, and fire when he did. Not a word was uttered for some time, as the two parties thus stood face to face, and gazed on each other. At length a murmur ran along the column,—rebellion was crushed, and the mutineers consented to return. Discontent, however, prevailed, and the volunteers looked anxiously forward to the 10th of December, the time when they supposed their term of enlistment expired.

side, and he shouted, "We shall whip them yet, my men! the dead have risen, and come to aid us." The company of artillery followed, leaving Lieutenant Armstrong and a few men to drag up the cannon. When one of the guns, at length, reached the top of the bank, the rammer and picker were nowhere to be found.—A man instantly wrenched the bayonet from his musket, and rammed home the cartridge with the stock, and picked it up with the ramrod. Lieutenant Armstrong fell beside his piece; but as he lay upon the ground, he cried out, "My brave fellows, some of you must fall; but save the cannon." Such heroism is always contagious; and the men soon rallied, and charging homeward on the savages, turned them in flight on every side.

After burying his dead and caring for the wounded, Jackson resumed his march; and, four days after, reached Fort Strother in safety. Nearly one-eighth of his little army had been killed or wounded since he left the post, and he now dismissed the remainder, who claimed that the time of their enlistment was expired, and quietly waited till sufficient reinforcements should arrive for him to undertake a thorough campaign into the Creek country. They soon began to come in; for his bravery and success awakened confidence, and stimulated the ambition of thousands, who were sure to win distinction under such a leader, and by March, he found himself at the head of four thousand militia and volunteers, and a regiment of regular troops, together with several hundred friendly Indians. While preparing to advance, mutiny again broke out in the camp. He determined this time to make an example which should deter others in future; and a private, being tried and convicted, was shot. The spectacle was not lost on the soldiers, and nothing more was heard of a revolt.

Having completed all his arrangements, Jackson, with four thousand men, advanced, on the 16th of March, into the Creek country. At the junction of the Cedar Creek with the Coosa River, he established Fort Williams, and left a garrison, then continued his march, with some two thousand five hundred men, towards his previous battle-ground at Emuckfaw. About five miles below it, in the bend of the Tallapoosa, the Indians, a thousand strong, had entrenched themselves, determined to give battle. They were on a sacred ground; for all that tract between the Coosa and Tallapoosa Rivers known as the "hickory ground," their prophets had told them the white man could never conquer. This bend contained about a hundred acres, around which the river wrapped itself in the form of a horse-shoe, from whence it derived its name. Across the neck leading to this open plain, the Indians had erected a breastwork of logs, seven or eight feet high, and pierced it with a double row of port-holes. Behind it, the ground rose into an elevation; while still further back, along the shore, lay the village, in which were the women and children. Early in the morning of the 25th, Jackson ordered Gen. Coffee to take the mounted riflemen and the friendly Indians and cross the river at a ford below, and stretch around the bend, on the opposite bank from the village, so as to prevent the fugitives from escaping. He then advanced in front, and took up his position, and opened on the breastwork with his light artillery. The cannonade was kept up for two hours without producing any effect. In the mean time, the friendly Indians, attached to Gen. Coffee's command had swam the river and loosened a large number of canoes, which they brought back. Captain Russell's company of spies immediately leaped into them, and, with the friendly Indians, crossed over and set the village on fire, and with loud shouts pressed towards the rear of the encampment. The Indians returned the shout of defiance, and, with a courage and steadiness they seldom exhibited, repelled every effort to advance.

The troops under Jackson heard the din of the conflict within, and clamoured loudly to be led to the assault. He, however, held them back, and stood and listened. Discovering at length, by the incessant firing in a single place, that the Americans were making no progress, he ordered the bugles to sound the charge. A loud and thrilling shout rolled along the American line, and, with levelled bayonets, the excited ranks precipitated themselves on the breastwork. A withering fire received them, the rifle-balls sweeping, like a sudden gust of sleet, in their very faces. Not an Indian flinched, and many were pierced through the port-holes; while, in several instances, the enemy's bullets were welded to the American bayonets. The swarthy warriors looked grimly through the openings, as though imperious to death. This, however, was of short duration, and soon the breastwork was black with men, as they streamed up the sides. Major Montgomery was the first who planted his foot on the top, but he had scarcely waved his sword in triumph above his head, when he fell back upon his companions, dead. A cry of vengeance swelled up from his followers, and the next moment the troops rolled like a sudden inundation over the barrier. It then became a hand-to-hand fight; the savages refused to yield, and with gleaming knives and tomahawks, and clubbed rifles and muskets, the battle raged through the encampment. High and wild over the incessant rattle of musketry and clash of arms, arose the shouts of the prophets, as dancing, frantically around their blazing dwellings, they continued their strange incantations, still crying victory. At length, one was shot in the mouth, as if to give the lie to his declarations. Pressed in front and rear, many at last turned and fled. But the unerring rifle dropped them along the shore; while those who

endeavored to save themselves by swimming, sunk in mid-stream under the deadly fire of the mounted men. The greater part, however, fought and fell, face to face, with their foes. It was a long and desperate struggle; not a soul asked for quarter, but turned, with a last look of hate and defiance, on his conqueror. As the ranks became thinned, it ceased to be a fight and became a butchery. Driven at last from the breastwork, the few surviving warriors took refuge in the bush and timber on the hill. Wishing to spare their lives, Jackson sent an interpreter to them, offering them pardon; but they proudly refused it, and fired on the messenger. He then turned his cannon on the spot, but failing to dislodge them, ordered the grass and brush to be fired. Driven out by the flames, they ran for the river, but most of them fell before they reached the water. On every side, the crack of the rifle told how many eyes were on the fugitives. Darkness at last closed the scene, and still night, broken only by the cries of the wounded, fell on the forest and river. Nearly eight hundred of the Indians had fallen, five hundred and fifty-seven of whom lay stark and still around and in that encampment. The loss of the Americans, in killed and wounded, was about two hundred.

An incident occurred after the battle, which presented, in striking contrast, the two opposite natures of Jackson. An Indian warrior, severely wounded, was brought to him, whom he placed at once in the hands of a surgeon. While under the operation, the bold, athletic warrior looked up, and asked Jackson in broken English, "Cure 'im, kill 'im again." The latter replied, "No; on the contrary, he should be well taken care of." He recovered, and Jackson, pleased with his noble bearing, sent him to his own house in Tennessee; and afterward had him taught a trade in Nashville, where he eventually married and settled down in business. When that terrible ferocity, which took entire possession of his mind, in battle, subsided away, the most gentle and tender emotions usurped its place. The tiger and the lamb united in his single person.

The tired soldiers slept on the field of slaughter, around the smouldering fires of the Indian dwellings. The next morning they sunk the dead bodies of their companions in the river, to save them from the scalping-knives of the savages, and then took up their backward march to Fort Williams.

The original design of having the three armies from Tennessee, Georgia, and Mississippi, meet in the centre of the Creek country, and thus crush it with one united effort, had never been carried out, and Jackson now resolved alone to overrun and subdue the country. Leaving a noble address to his troops, he, on the 7th of April, set out for the Indian village of Hottelwallow. But he met with no opposition; the battle of Tohopeka had completely prostrated the tribe, and the war was virtually at an end. He, however, scoured the country, the Indians everywhere fleeing before the terror of his name. On his march, he sent order to Col. Milton, who, with a strong force, was also advancing into the Creek country, to send him provisions. The latter returned a cavalier refusal. Jackson then sent a peremptory order, not only to forward provisions, but to join him at once with his troops. Col. Milton, after reading the order, asked the bearer what sort of a man Jackson was. "One," he replied, "who intends, when he gives an order, to have it obeyed." The Colonel concluded to obey, and soon effected a junction with his troops. Jackson then resumed his march along the banks of the Tallapoosa; but he had hardly set the leading column in motion, when word was brought him that Col. Milton's brigade could not follow, as the wagon-horses had strayed away during the night and could not be found. Jackson immediately sent him word to detail twenty men to each wagon. The astonished Colonel soon found horses sufficient to draw the wagons.

The enemy, however, did not make a stand, and either fled or came in voluntarily to tender their submission. The latter part of April, General Pickens arrived at Fort Jackson and assumed the command, and General Jackson returned to Tennessee, greeted with acclamations and covered with honours. In a few months peace was restored with all the Southern tribes, and the machinations of England in that quarter completely frustrated.

There is nothing in the history of our country more remarkable than this campaign, and nothing illustrates the genius of this nation more than it and the man who carried it triumphantly through.—Rising from a sick couch, he called to the young men of every profession to rally to the defence of their country. Placing himself at the head of the brave but undisciplined bands that gathered at his call, he boldly plunged into the untrodden wilderness. Unskilled in the art of war, never having witnessed a battle since he was a boy, he did not hesitate to assume the command of an army without discipline and without a knowledge of the tools and difficulties before it. Yet with it he crossed broad rivers, climbed pathless mountains, and penetrated almost impassable swamps filled